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His Favorite Game Bird.

At a dinner one day, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, some men were discussing the merits of various kinds of game birds. One preferred canvas-back duck, another woodcock, and still another a quail the most delicious article of food. The discussion and the dinner ended at about the same time.

"Now, Frank," said one of the men to the waiter at his elbow, "what kind of game do you like best?"

"Well, suh, to tell the truf, al most any kind of game suits me, but what I like bes' is an American eagle served on a silver dollar."

Wisdom of the Young.



"I never saw such a child! You don't seem to know enough to come home!"

"Well, dat's just wot ma says about you!"—New York World.



Taverns Nourished Liberty

The colonial inn played an important role during the Revolution and the stirring times preceding it. The tavern keeper was the leader of his community in defying the English crown. His tavern was the meeting place of the little patriotic bands, which later were assembled into an army by Washington. The tavern was used as a recruiting station, constantly sending men to the firing line to strengthen the ragged, untrained American army.

Under the laws of the colonies, the taverns were required to keep for sale alcoholic beverages for the accommodation of guests and the townspeople, themselves. In addition, most of the landlords brewed malt liquor for their trade, the colonial governments especially encouraging them in this.

Indiana Brewers Association

Kinglake Stories.

Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied, "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."

It was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest of mots on the peculiar character of the Times. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his views of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing the announcement of the new editor's marriage he exclaimed: "Heavens! That brings the Times into relations with humanity!"

Mr. Meanly—It's something dreadful. My wife is always asking me for money. It's money, money, money, all the time.

Mr. Japson—Why, whatever does she do with all this money?

Mr. Meanly—Oh, I don't know. I haven't got a clue any yet.

He Meant Well.



Harold—Will you take my seat, lady?
—Ally Sloper



Old Gentleman—Is there anything to see on the other side?

Ferryman—No.

Old Gentleman—Is there an inn or anything?

Ferryman—No.

Old Gentleman—Then what do people go across for?

Ferryman—Tuppence.—Sketch.

Caught.

In Philadelphia they tell a story of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening" and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep on the settee.

"Wake up!" sternly commanded the Philadelphian in the man's ear. "Wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"—Harper's Magazine.

On the Links.



Mr. Tintot (teaching a friend golf)—Before I go any further let me impress upon you, old man, that every think is in the way you stand!

Conditional.



"Will you be a good girl now that I've bought you that pretty muff?" "Yes, ma; but if you wants me to be a real angel just buy me a bon and fur lined coat to go with it!"—New York World.

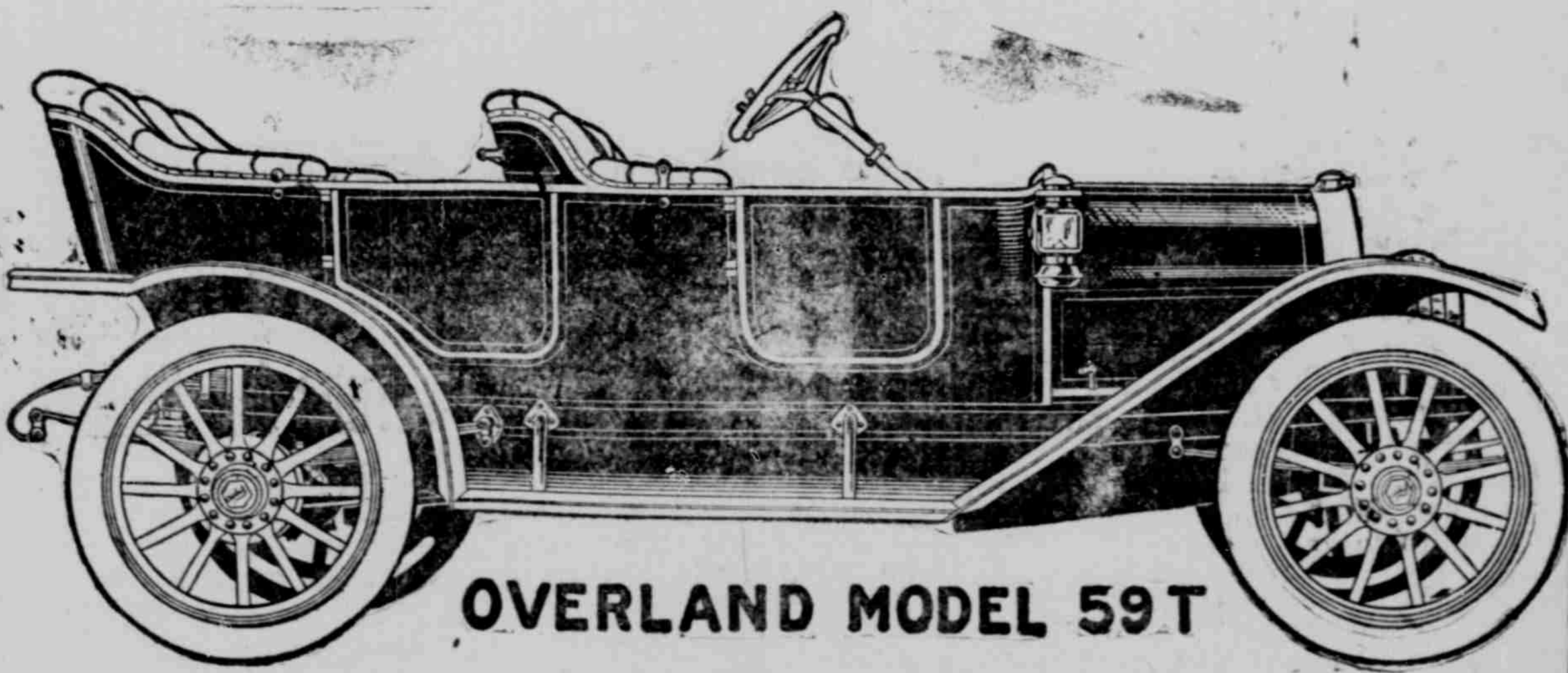
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